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HORNY 4

No

comic strip



GREEN &
FULLER
11/91

IN THIS EYE-POPPING ISSUE:

- ★ SIX-SHOT SAM!
- ★ HONEY-TALK TOMSON!

MORE OF **UP** FROM THE GHETTO!

C'MERE,
YOU BIG,
LUSCIOUS
MUM!
I'M
GUNNA
DO SOME
GOOD
THINGS
TO YOU
"THINGS"
THAT YO'
MOMMA
WOULDN'T
THINK
OF DOIN'!!

HORNNY TALK!

P.O. BOX 48825 • CHICAGO, ILLINOIS • 60648

EXCUSE! Here we are again,
in our ol' familiar spot! — So!
Whataya think of a mid-comic letters
page, AH? ...*Altho* we *STILL* ain't got no
mail from you shy guys out there, yet!
— Which means I've gotta
fill this whole page with a
gob of gab or we lose it!

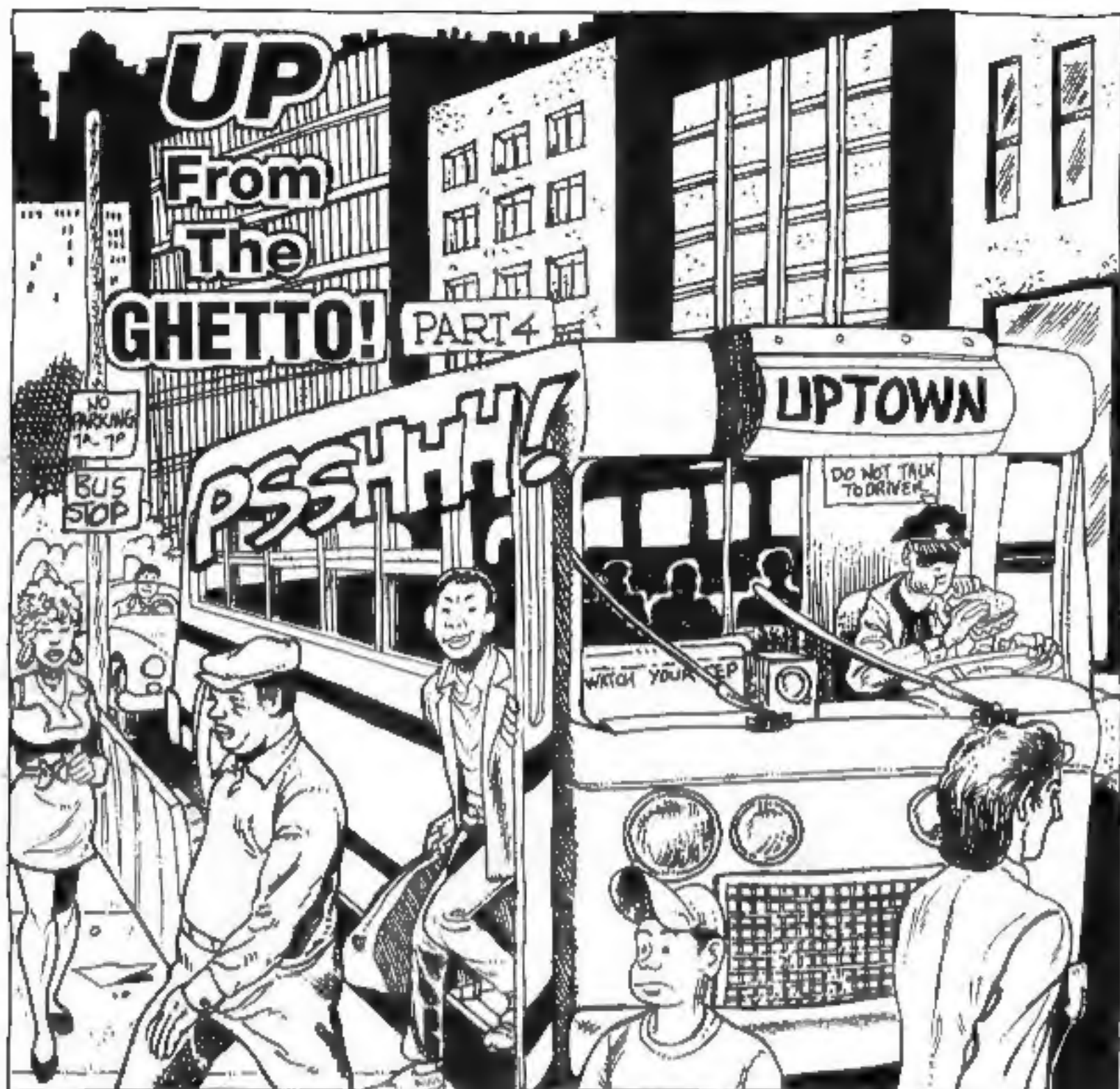
So, how've ya been, ah? 'V'ya
got laid, lately? — No? .. Well,
there is a DEPRESSION on, ya
know? Yeah... Pussy's almost as
scarce as JOBS, ah? Well, you
done bought the right book, man,
'cause we've got plenty of good
stuff in this issue *aside* from those
horny "GHETTO" episodes: **HONEY-TALK**
TOMSON; SIX-SHOT SAM; more of 'at
SILLY SHIT— And if you like *this*
issue, check out our previews of next-
ISSUE page! Things are gunna get
even better!

Meanwhile, drop a line! Let us know wot
you like/don't like; what/who you'd like
to see more of, or less of (*even tho* your
comments probably *WILL* be *IGNORED*)!

By the way— Inks on GHETTO Pt. 4 was
administered by old pal **LARRY FULLER**
(who also inked H.T. TOMSON), who is almost
Horny as *I* am. GREAT artist, ain't
he?? Great work! There'll be lots more
from/by Larry as time goes on. I think
we make a good team-up! What do *you*
think, ah? ... Well, fuck you too, fellah!

Other'nat, it's time to cut out, so, I'm
gone, dudes! Stay hip, stay coo', and don't
be no fool! See ya next issue, ah?

GRASS 2-92



I'M FINE, MA, HONEST!
I'M HERE, GUNNA TRY TO
DO GOOD IN UPTOWN!

WELL I JES' THANKS GOD
DAT'CHOO AIN' IN JAIL, BOY.
ANNAT'CHOO IS AWAY FROM
DAT TONY-MAN! NOW YOU
BE CAHFUL IN UPTOWN, NOW,
YOU HEAR ME?! I LOVE
YOU, SON~!

RIGHT, MA! I'LL HANG
ON TO MY SHOES THIS
TIME! I LOVE YOU, TOO!
BYE!

FIRST THING I'M GUNNA
DO IS GET A PLACE T'STAY.
THEN A 2ND HAND SHOP FOR
CLOTHES TO GO JOB-HUNTIN'
IN! I'M WHIPPIN'
UPTOWN'S ASS
THIS GO-ROUND!



GUESS I'LL WORK IT OUT
OVER S'M FOOD. FEELS LIKE
I AIN'T ET
IN WEEKS!

SARA! CUSTOMER!

OKAY, JIM!



HELP YOU,
GIR?

YEH! EGGS, HOT-
CAKES, SPUDS, N
SAUSAGE!



CHOFF CHOMP!
GULP! SKLUG! MM!
SLAP!

NOW THERE'S
A HUNGRY
MAN!!



GOOD GRUB!
I FEEL LIKE
A NEW MAN!
Burrrp!!

Y'Y, MISS! KNOW WHERE
I C'N FIND A ROOM OR AN
ADAPTMET REAL CHEAP?
DON'T WANNA GO BROKE
BEFORE I FIND A JOB!
ur-rp!!

OH, NEW
IN TOWN,
AH?



NAW, I'M FROM
-OH, UH, YEAH,
RIGHT! I'M NEW
IN TOWN! YOU
KNOW A PLACE?

YES, I DO! IT'S ABOUT
4 BLOCKS EAST OF HERE
-VERY REASONABLE RATES
NICE NEIGHBORHOOD, TOO!
'BOUT \$40-50
A WEEK





Sleeping quarters secured, a determined Abe Kix sets out to find a job, any job, but...





Shortly—











"ABE... UM, UNTIL YOU, AH, GET ON YOUR FEET, WHY DON'T YOU JUST, UM STAY HERE W TH ME? WE'RE GOOD TOGETHER, DON'T YOU THINK?" "SOUNDS GREAT, SARA! WE COULD NEVER DO THIS AT MY PLACE, MY LANDLADY WOULDN'T LET YOU N EVEN IF YOU WERE MY SISTER!"





SIX-SHOT SAM

Damsel In Distress

in

LATE ONE AFTERNOON AS SIX-SHOT SAM IS OUT CAMPING IN THE HILLS WITH HIS HOSS NAME OF DIRK.



MEANWHILE....

YEAH AH AH AH! GO
'HEAD, BABY! SCREAM YO'RE
FOOL HAND OFF. BUT
THAT AIN' NUTHIN' OR
NOBODY GUNNA STOP
ME F'AM JEST (WTF WTF)
INTERCOURSEIN' THE
HAYL OUT'N YOU!

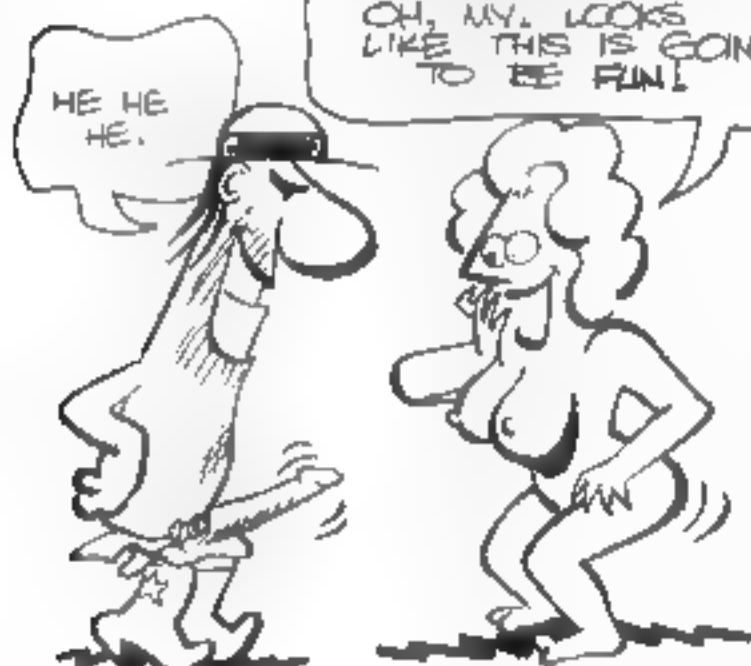
WTF
WTF
WTF.

..INTERCO — YOU MEAN FLICKING?!
"SEX?? OHH! — THEN I'M SORRY
I SCREAMED FOR HELP! I
THOUGHT YOU WERE GOING
TO STEAL MAH CLOTHES!



HE HE
HE.

OH, MY. LOOKS
LIKE THIS IS GOING
TO BE FUN!



OH! MY! IT'S SO BIG!
AHHH!
EEEEEEH (MOAN-)
MMMM!



WHUP

WHUP

WHUP

HOLD ON,
MA'AM!

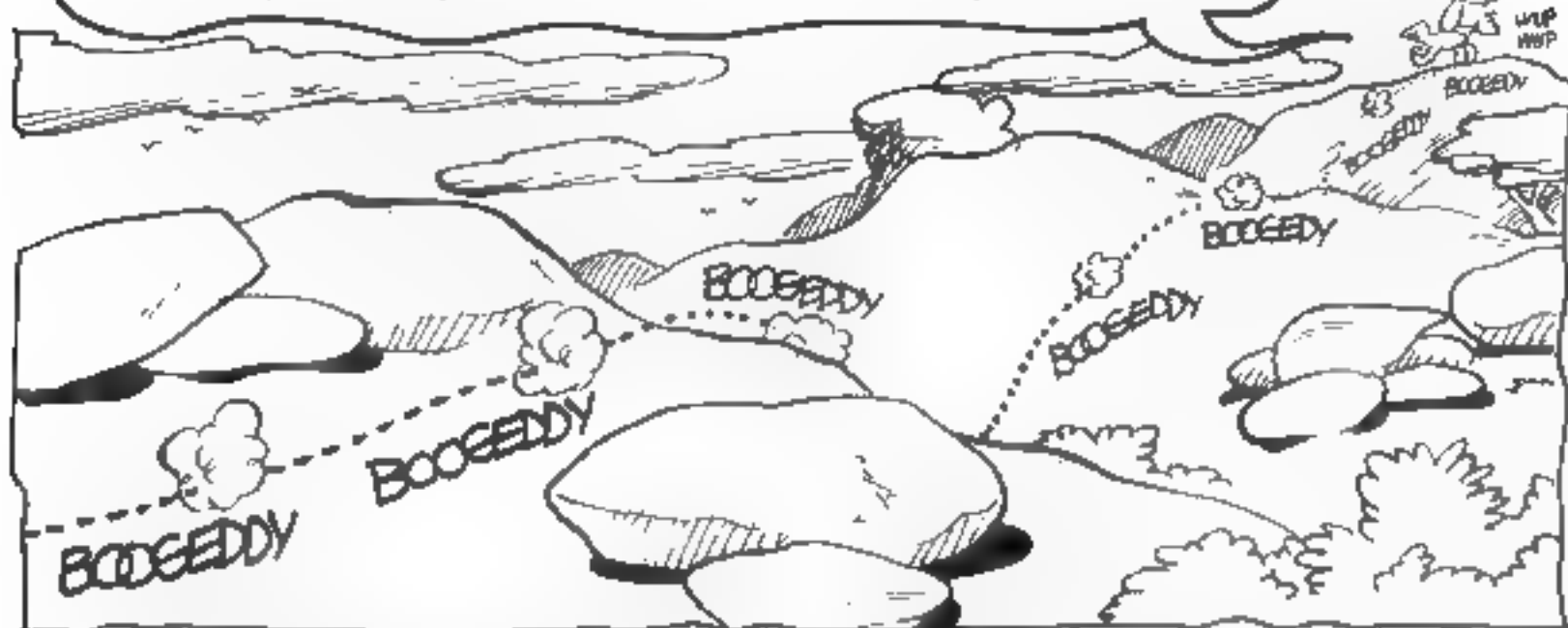
AH'M
ON MAH
WAY!!

BOOGEDDY
BOOGEDDY
BOOGEDDY

— OH, MY GOD!
OH, GOD! OH, MY!
... OHHHHH!—



LAY LOOSE, MA'AM! AH - AH'M A'COMIN'!!



OO! UH! AH!
IH! MM! OH!



HANG TUFF, MA'AM! AH'M
ALMOST BARE! --AH MEAN
HAIR! "AH MEAN--



HYAR AH MA'AM, YAM! --I MEAN HYAR MY
DAM, SA'AM! --I MEAN



OOOOHHH!!

OH! UH! AH! UNH!

=GASP FANT WHEEZE MOAN...=

WH!

TAKE THAT
YA
DARTY SIDE-
WINDER!

BOO-YOU!

NO WAIT, I'M NOT DONE,
YET! .. DON'T -- CH, PISS!

~ HE'S SHITTIN' DEAD NOW,
MA'AM! ~ AH MEAN
HE'S DEADER 'N
MA'AM NOW,
SHIT! ~ AH
M-MEAN...

~ JUST
SHIT UP
AND
PILE ON,
COWBOY!!

NIGHT, RA'AM!
AH MEAN MESS,
YA'AM! ~ AH MEAN
WOW!!!

SPLURT!

!!

BOO-HOY! I MEAN
HOO-BOY! ZOW! MAN,
THAT W'S GRIST JATE!
I MEAN --

☆BAM!
.. WONDER
WHY HE'S
CALLED
SIX-SHOT?



The End



HONEY-TALK TOMSON

in

ONE HORRIBLE, LONELY NIGHT...

OH, NO-!!

I ~ I THOUGHT THIS KINDA SHIT ONLY HAPPENED IN MOVIES...

"A LONE WOMAN WITH A BLOW-OUT WHILE LOST ON A LONELY BACK ROAD 'WA-AY OUT IN THE BOONIES!' (Shudder!)"



WHY OH WHY DID I DECIDE TO TAKE THE "LESS TRAVELLED" ROUTE? I HAVEN'T SEEN ANOTHER CAR FOR HOURS!

GARY GREEN & LARRY FULLER

WORSE, WHY DIDN'T I HAVE MY SPARE FIXED WEEKS AGO...



IT'LL BE DARK, SOON AND (Shudder) IT COULD BE DAYS BEFORE ANYBODY COMES A-



A CAR! SOMEONE'S ACTUALLY DRIVING ON THIS ROAD!! NOW WHAT IDIOT WOULD BE THAT DUMB?!



IT'S HONEY-TALK TOMSON, OUT FOR A RIDE IN HIS NEW RIDE!

MAN OH MAN OH
MAN OH MAN!!!

KIN THIS BABY
BEAT A HUNDRED?

IT SURE
CAN!!

VRRRN!

ROAR!

I HAD TO WORK LONG AND HARD FOR
THIS BABY, BUT AT LAST IT'S MINE
ALL MINE!

I LOVE THE FEEL OF MY LEATHER
STEERING WHEEL! THIS LITTLE
BUGGY RIDES O-SO FINE!

AH-H-H-H, YEAH, I LOVE THIS
MACHINE! IT'S SMOOTH AS A
JUNGLE CAT! GLIDIN' ME
THRU THE FORESTS AND
GLEN, LIKE A BIG OL' —

HEY! UP
AHEAD! WHAT'S
THAT?

STRANDED CAR... A LADY
IN DISTRESS?! EASY T'SEE
WHY, THOUGH: HER
TIRES A MESS!

BRUM
BRUM

WELP, I'LL JUST
STOP 'N OFFER
SOME HELP!

... A~ A BLACK MAN—!
OH, LORDY, PLEASE LET
HIM BE A "NICE" ONE...

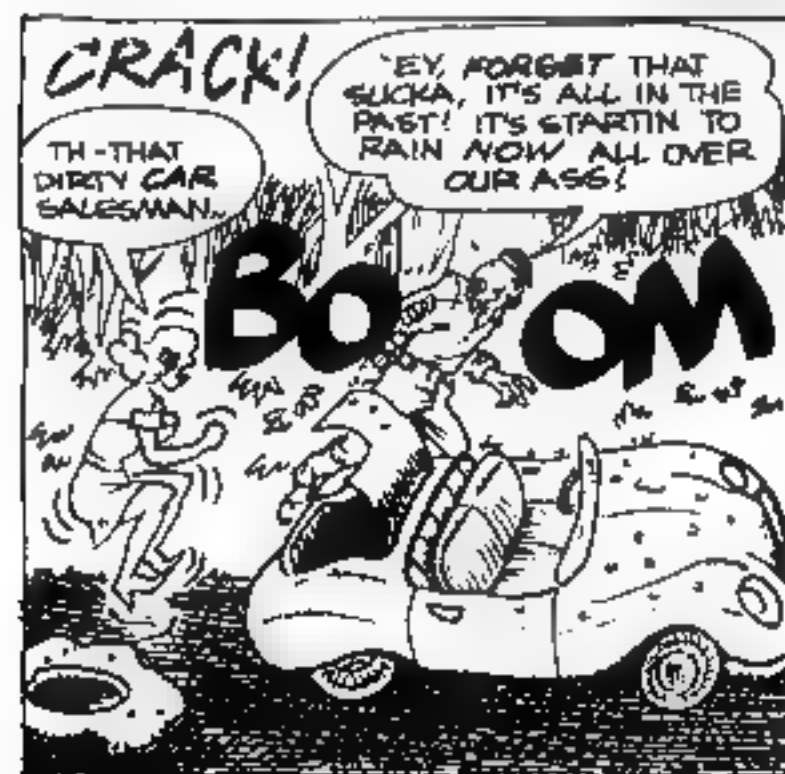
NOW!
HE'S SURE
GOOD-
LOOKING!

H-
HELLO?

HIS

SCREECH!







QUICK, INTO MY CAR
'TIL THIS RAIN SLOWS
DOWN!

MY POOR
UPHOLSTERY!
OH THIS
IS JUST
HORRIBLE



SAY! DID YOU
PASS A PHONE
ALONG THE WAY?
WE COULD GO
CALL FOR
HELP!

GREAT
IDEA! WE
COULD CALL
FOR A
TOWING
TRUCK!



HA HA! SO I'LL JUST
WHIZ US OFF TO A
PHONE SOMEWHERE,
THEN YOU CAN JUST
—AH, FUCK!

I THINK
I'M GUNNA
GO OUT OF
MY HEAD.

WH-
WHAT'S
WRONG?



MY FUCKING
BATTERY
IS DEAD!—

OH,
DEAR..

I—I DON'T
BELIEVE ALL
THIS SHIT!
—NOT
ONE FUCKN
BIT!

GODDAM! THIS SITUATION
STINKS! WHAT ARE YOU,
LADY? SOME KINDA
JINX?!?

WHAT ARE?
—VERY, NO—
I.. I..



OOO.. HE'S
GETTING MAD!
I'D BETTER DO
SOMETHING BEFORE
HE GETS VIOLENT!

BOY,
THIS
GIRL
AIN'T
AT
ALL
BRIGHT.



LOOKY~ WE'RE BOTH
COLD, WET AND
MISERABLE

WELL YOU
SURE
GOT THAT
RIGHT!



MAYBE WE SHOULD GET
OUT OF THESE WET
CLOTHES BEFORE WE
CATCH COLD.. OR
SOMETHING?

NOW
THAT
IDEA IS
OUTTA
BENT!



UP from the GHETTO

PART 5

WE REALLY MISS YOU WHEN YOU UP 'N STAY AWAY LIKE DAT SON! I MEAN, YOU KNOW, WE K NDA MISSY A LITTLE.

BUT WE'S PROUD DATCHOD DON'T GIVE UP EASY, BOY!

IT'S A REAL MAN WHAT DON'T GIVE UP ON HIS DREAMS SON. WE'S DAMNED PROUD. YOU'S GOT GUT!

MY BIG BROTHER!

OH! RIGHT, NOAH! WE MISS YOU WHEN YOU GONE, BUT WE'RE PROUD THAT YOU AT LEAST TRYIN' TO GET OUT OF SHAWNE, ABE! REAL PROUD!

ONE DAY YOU GUNNA MAKE GOOD! I JES' KNOWS IT, HONEH!

THANKS, MA! 'ATS WHY I LOVE ALLA YAW SO MUCH! IT MAKES ME WANNA TRY TO DO SOMEPIN' WITH MY LIFE!

JES LEAVE YOUR PLATE. ABE IT'S MY TURN TO HELP MA WITH THE DISHES

BETCHA YOU AIN' TOO PROUD, ARE YA, ABE.

-IT'S JES' TOO BAD YOU ALWAYS RUN OUT OF MONEY OR SOM'PIN' AND HAF TA COME BACK.

SOUNDS KINDA DUMB T'ME, MOMMA!

AIN' NOBODY G'N SAY THAT MY BOY IS GIVIN' IN TO THAT DEAD-BEAT GANGBANG LIFE!

CAREBA KIX, YOU JES' SHUT UP YO' MOUT! WHAT CHOD KNOW ABOUT ANYTHING ANYHOW?!

SCRIBBLES
GREEN

INKS BY
FENSTER
MILLIGAN







OH, JESUS... OH, GOD
WHY AM I ALL A TIME? HOW
DO I WIND UP IN SHIT ALL
A TIME? I NEVER GET NO
FUCKN BREAKS

THE
EAGLES'RE
WORSE N
THE
EAGLES...
THEY GOT
WHITE
GUYS INNAT
GANG~

—AND I'M
DEAD MEAT
F I LEAVE
SHANKS
BEFORE THE
RUMBLE.
(MOB N N)

AND SO...

'BY, MAN— YOU FUCKN WEST-SIDERS
AIN' MOVIN' IN ONNA EAGLES, MAN!!

YOU TELL
'EM, NICK!

GIVVIT UP, EAGLES, MAN— WE CUD TAKE
ALL YER TURF, BUT WE JUS' WANT UP TO
QUEEN STREET, MAN, YAW DIG?

"JUS' WANT UP TO QUEEN STREET"
AN? AN? WELL FUCK ALL YOU WEST-
SIDE WAMPS! GIT 'EM, EAGLES!

LET'S STOMP SOME EAGLE
ASS, WEST-SIDERS!!

—AWRITE:
FREEZE!!

TWEEEE-EET!

C-C-C-COPS?!?

WHERE THEY COME FM?

ROUND 'EM UP, BOYS!!
BUST ALL THEIR ASSES!

WE'RE GUNNA
STOP TH'S GANG
SHIT FOR ONCE
AND FOR ALL!

BEAT IT, GUYS! MAY
DAY! ER'RY MAN
FOR HIS SELF!
BEAT IT!!

HE HE! THAT
"TIP" WE GOT
WAS ON THE
LEVEL,
EH, CAP'N?

REMEMBER,
NO BLOODSHED
IF POSSIBLE!
NO GUNS, USE
YER STICKS!



HEY, DIVE!
WAIT FOR—

—GEEZ!



HELLO!
AW SH I

OW! OW!
YER
BREAKIN'
MY ARM!

THEN
MOVE
T!

OOF!

HALT

GEEZ, I
NEVER SEEN
SO MANY
COPE

HEE!-
WORK
IT

WHO?
ME?

WAT FALK HERE

WEAPON?
WHAT
WEAPON?

OOF

OW!-
EX-MAN

HEH HEH

I KNOW? I VE
ALWAYS LIKED
YOU COPE

I I KNEW
I SHOULD'A
STAYED
HOME

MA
HELP!

B-BUT I
AIN'T DID
NUTHIN'

OF
COURSE
NOT

HELP
POLICE
BRUTALITY!

OH
SHUT
UP!

IT'S A ROLT
CHIEF! SEND
THE
WAGONS

WOODJA
B'LEEN?
I-I'M
INNOCENT!





COPE BUSTID THE WEST-SIDERS' RUMBLE WIT' TH' EAGLES, AND WE CALIGHT THIS DUDE...

NOW WHAT TH' HELL IS SARA DOIN' HERE? —BEDDIN' DOWN WITH.. COUGARS..

—YEAH, YEAH, I GET IT, NOW SHUT UP A MINUTE!..YEH, THIS'S HOT, BOYS! —AND BO'F YAW NIGGAS SHO' BETTER BE GLAD!..

TIE THIS "CAPTIVE" UP AND TIE 'IM GOOD! THIS'S SPECIAL GUYS! LET'S GO! WE GOT PLANS TO MAKE FOR D/S BOY!

HAA HAA HAA HAA!

WHAT THE HELL IS ABE DOIN' IN THE WEST-SIDERS GANG??

THE WEST-SIDERS'RE GUNNA BARGAIN S'M TERRITORY WITH US, OR THEY GET THEIR BOY BACK IN LITTLE PIECES!

WATCH HIM FOR ME, BABY! I'LL BE RIGHT BACK!

IFFY MOVES, JUST STICK 'IM A COUPLA TIMES!

RIGHT!

..SHIT!..

SLAM!

Haw haw haw! WE'VE GOT THOSE WEST-SIDERS BY THE BALLS, NOW!

ABE — ARE YOU ALRIGHT?

ABE?

GEE-ZUS, SARA — WHAT'RE YOU DOIN' HERE? — WITH THE COUGARS F'CRY-SAKES..

WHEN YOU ...WHEN YOU SHUCK OUT ON ME, LEAVIN' ME HIGH N DRY, I HAD NO CHOICE BUT TO COME BACK TO JAKE AND THE COUGARS..

BACK?

WOTTA YA MEAN, "COME BACK" TO THE COUGARS? —AND WHY'D YOU TELL YOUR BROTHER IT WAS ME KNOCKED YOU UP? NIGGA DAMN NEAR BROKE MY FUCKN JAW!

I DIDN'T TELL HIM THAT! HE SAW US TOGETHER, I GUESS, AND JUST FIGURED!

HE DOES LIVE IN UPTOWN, YOU KNOW?

WE — WE REALLY HAD A GOOD THING GOIN', SARA.. BUT YOU PLAYED ME FOR A CHUMPI! —YOU THINK I CAIN'T COUNT?!

..NO.. I — I SHOULD'VE TOLD YOU I WAS PREGNANT RIGHT AWAY.. BUT I WAS SCARED..

ABE, DO YOU THINK YOU'RE THE ONLY ONE TRYING TO GET OUT OF THE GHETTO?
I KNEW YOU WERE FROM SHANKS THE MINUTE YOU ENTERED THE CAFE IN UPTOWN!

I'D ONLY WORKED THERE A FEW WEEKS BEFORE YOU CAME IN. I WAS RUNNING FROM JAKE. THEN I FOUND OUT I WAS PREGNANT.

I'M NO ANGEL ABE. I'VE BEEN JAKE'S GIRL FOR "A WHILE". SO IT'S HIS BABY I'M CARRYIN', NOT YOURS. I SHOULD'VE TOLD YOU, BUT YOU WERE SO... NICE! GUESS I JUST WANTED TO BE WITH SOMEBODY NICE FOR A CHANGE, Y'KNOW?

WELL... I HOPE YOU ENJOYED ME, CUZ THE SPIDERS ARE GUNNA CHOP ME TO PIECES WHEN THEY FIND OUT THAT I DON'T MEAN SHIT TO THE WEST-SIDERS. THEY THINK I'M YELLA 'CUZ I THINK RUMBLES ARE FUTILE... AND JUST STUPID!

I HOPE YOU CAN RUN FAST AS HELL!

—YER CUTTIN' ME LOOSE?!

R-RIP
SNIP
RIPP!

OF COURSE, DUMMAY! — I STILL LOVE YOU!

SARA — JAKE'LL KILL YOU FOR THIS! YOU'VE GOTTA LEAVE, TOO!

NO, HE KNOWS ABOUT THE BABY. I'LL BE OKAY. YOU'D BETTER GO!

—THIS'S... CRAZY! NOW I DON'T WANNA LEAVE YOU! — C'MON! LEAVE WITH ME!
GET YOUR YELLOW HANDS OFF ME! — GET OUT BEFORE I SCREAM!

OOOF!
W-WHUT?

C'MON, SARA, YOU DON'T MEAN THA — YOU!

DAMMIT, I TOLD YOU —!

SWOOSH!

GET OUT OR I'LL KILL YA MYSELF!

SARA — JAKE'LL KILL YOU FOR THIS!
FLOP!

— TRY TO FIGURE A FUCKN WOMAN...

MAKE IT, ABE... MAKE IT BIG — FOR ALL OF US WHO "NEVER WILL..."

EY! WHAT TH' FUCK...? WHERE TH' HELL'S OUR PRISONER? — SARA!
To Be Continued

JUST SAY... "YES"!
TO OUR NEIGHBORHOOD CHARITY

